

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Charles Tinsley.

Mrs. Charles Tinsley, reading an American book, and noticing an expression of regret that America contained none of the "time honored things" that rendered England venerable, wrote the following verses, as spirited in language as true in sentiment:—

"Time-honored things" Old England boasts;
Her ancient ruins' by the ocean's side,
The plain where most embattled hosts
The battle fought, and the brave men died;
The druid's mound; the Saxon keep;
The wastes where feudal tyrants sleep.

"The old monastic piles, that grace
Her richest nooks by stream and glade;
The shrine, in whose warm story we trace
Where reverent pilgrims knelt and prayed;
The ancient walls, the crenelated towers,
With lichens white, and moss, o'ergrown.

"The proud cathedrals, chilled and change;
The hamlet churches, quaint and grey;
The old baronial halls, and towers;
From the dim ages of our day;
The legends, dear to place and time,
Linked with all these, in many a rhyme.

"Time-honored things" that cease alone
Supply the food thy spirit craves—
The mingled records carved in stone;
The rubbish-heaps of thrones and graves;
Draw rather round thee, where thou art;
"Time-honored" records of the heart:—

"The faith divine; the courage pure;
The love, and hope, and action, free;
That keep one course, unchanged and sure,
Whatever change on earth may be;
The earnest thought, that great and small
Includes in its own grasp of all.

"The high, calm, trust, that murmurs not,
Bearing the appointed burden on;
The frank eye in another's look,
Lending its own radiance to one;
The eagle thought, the eagle strength,
That reads 'em death's dark truth at length.

"The deep, keen sense of human wrong,
That to the brave soul proves a sting,
Making its own true purpose strong,
To bear the world in mind and wing;
The noble scorn of pomp and pride
With man's sole glory unalied.

"A purer faith; a prouder trust;
That light whereby the spirit sees;
Shall prove for things each cloud of dust,
When'er on earth we come to see;
"Time-honored things" that well may be
The honored of eternity."

For the Louisville Examiner.

To a Musical Clock in a Coffee House.

Vain flatterer, cease, let thy babbling be still,
No longer the simple beguile;
With a scruple-like voice, thou dost seem to kill,
And leadest men captive like brutes at thy will.
Still tickling their death-waiting while.

As Satan at first did our mother deceive
Alluring with cunning and craft,
So thou, to her children, as Satan to Eve,
Enchanting thy victims, the more to deceive,
Presentest the poisonous draft.

I've heard of a syren who sang in the sea,
Destroying the victims, she charmed,
Methinks a like spirit still lurcheth in thee,
And like wise Ulysses, happy is he
Who heareth thy wailing unharmed.

As Circe of old, who with magical art
At her pleasure, men into swine,
So thou with thy potions transformest the heart,
And biddest each vestige of manhood depart,
Thy magic's the magic of wine.

Oh heed not the tempter, ye simple, beware,
Seek not the destroyer's path,
A serpent that slithers, lies treacherous there,
He seducts by subtle means, the more to ensnare,
His ways are the portals of death.

Louisville, Dec. 15th.

Mr. Emerson on Shakespeare.

In a series of lectures recently delivered by R. W. Emerson before the Mechanics' Institute, Liverpool, on "Representative Men," he selected as the subject of the fourth, "Shakespeare, the Poet." We take from the *Liverpool Advertiser*, the following account of it:

The lecturer said, if we should estimate great men, we should not find they were most distinguished by originality as by range and extent. If we required of them that absolute originality which consists in weaving, like the spider, webs from their own bowels—finding clay, making bricks, and then building the house—no great man were original. Least of all does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The greatest genius was the most indebted man. He is a go-between, between the want and the satisfaction of the want; he stands where all men look one way, and their hands will point the direction in which he shall go. A great genius finds his materials collected, and his skill is shown in using them. What economy here, what compensation for the shortness of life: all was done to his hand, the world had brought him so far on his way. The human race had been out before him, sunk the hills, filled the hollows, and bridged the rivers on his way. Great genius, power consists in not being self-willed at all, but in being to the greatest possible idea—receptive—being immediate and vehicular—looking to the world to do all.

Mr. Emerson proceeded, with great beauty of language, to show that such had been the case with Shakespeare. In his day there was an important craving for dramatic entertainments: "a wild insurrection of genius" suddenly broke out; a host of writers catered to the taste, and the "rude warm blood of living England" circulated in the plays and gave body to Shakespeare's serial and majestic fancy. The basis of his works the great bard found already in the prompter's books, and he was wise enough to know that tradition supplies a better fabric than any invention can. If he lost any credit of creation he augmented a thousand fold his resources. Many men say wise things as well as the true poets; the only difference was, that many men say foolish things, and do not know when they say wise. He knows the sparkle of the true stone, and puts it by his fellow when he finds it. Such was the happy position of Homer perhaps, of Chaucer, and of Sordani. The generic catholic genius, who is not afraid or ashamed to owe his originality to originality of law stands with the next age as the true recorder and embodiment of his own. Mr. Emerson referred to the "eagle eyed researches" of the Shaksperian Society and others to learn something of Shakespeare's external history, and to the little which they had learned, and added:—
"Truly there is something touching in the madness in which the passing age mis-chooses the object on which all candles shine and all eyes are turned. The painful care with which everything relative to Queen Elizabeth, or to the illustrious Raleighs, Essex, Burleighs, and Buckingham, are recorded to tediousness (beings whom we could forget without any loss to the mind) made it singular to us that writers should let pass without a glance, without a single valuable record, the founder of another dynasty which will alone cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered: the man who carried the Saxon race in him, by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now and for some ages to be nourished. A popular player, nobody suspected that he was the poet of the human race; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took an inventory of the human understanding in his times, both what was done and deficient in science and letters, never mentioned one greater than all his illustrious correspondents taken together."

From the unrivalled richness in that age of great men, if, according to the proverb, it needs wit to know wit, one would have thought that the men of Shakespeare's time could have appreciated him. Since the constellation of great men who appeared in the age of Pericles, in Greece, there never was such a society in the world, yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's music was impetuous, his incognito complete. They could not see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected, and not till two centuries had passed after the death of Shakespeare did any criticism which we think adequate begin to appear. It was to the translation of his works, the rapid bursts of German literature in modern times was in a great measure to be ascribed. Various parties had attempted to elucidate his life and works, but, said the lecturer, the genius knows not of them. The moment we come at last to hear one golden word, it leaps out immortal from all this wretched mortality, and sweetly torments us with its invitations to its own inaccessible home. Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare, and even he can tell nothing except to the Shakespeare in us, and that in our most apprehensive and sympathetic hour. From the internal evidence in his works, Shakespeare, instead of being the least known, was the best known of all history. What point of manner, morals, laws, history, religion, or life, had he not touched upon—what mystery had he not signified his knowledge of—what office, or function, or district of men's work had he not remembered—what thing had he not taught us—that maiden had not found him finer than delicacy—what lover had he not out-loved—what sage not out-seen—what great man not instructed in the rudeness of his behaviour?

Mr. Emerson then proceeded, in glowing language, to indicate some of the causes of Shakespeare's superiority. Above all was a sort of eminent, omnipresent propriety, or, if it deserves a wider name, humanity, which reduced all parts to due accordance. There was no discovery of egotism in him. The great he told modestly, the small subordinate; grace without emphasis. He was strong as nature, which lifts the land into mountain tops, without effort, by the same rule as it floats a bubble in the air, and looks as well to do in the one as in the other. He thought there was nothing comparable in nature to Shakespeare's delivery of expression. One more trait, he said, he must stop to specify, even in so general a sketch, he meant his cheerfulness, without which no man could be a poet, for beauty is his aim, he loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace. The name of Shakespeare suggests joy and emancipation to the heart of man. If he appeared in the world of souls, who would not march in his troop? He touches nothing which does not borrow health and longevity from his festive style.

Mr. Emerson, in a tone of earnestness and with great beauty of language and sentiment, then said Shakespeare's great quality was to be entertaining, and the austere lessons of solitude told us we could do without heroes and poets. He concluded: "As far as comparative talent and intellectual power goes, the world of man has not his equal to show. But when the question is to my life and its auxiliaries, how does he profit me? what does it signify? it is but a *Twelfth Night* or *A Midsummer's Dream*, or a *Winter's Tale*; what signifies another's pictures more or less? Well, other men, priest, and prophet, Israelite, Egyptian, and Swede, their eyes were opened also. They saw, and to what purpose? The beauty straightway vanished. They saw only the commandment, an all-excluding duty, a sadness, as if piled mountains fell upon us; and life became ghastly; a pilgrim's progress; a probation, beleaguered round, with purgatorial and vernal fires before us, and the spirit of the seer and of the listener was blighted, and the fountains of life were poisoned. It is plain to me, who meditate on these things, that they are half views, that the world still wants its poet and priest in one, one great reconciler, who shall not stop short with Shakespeare, the poet, nor go on like Swedenborg, the miner, but he who can see shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration, for there is a knowledge that is brighter than the sunshine, there is a right more beautiful than private affection, and there is love which is compatible with universal wisdom."

Facts like the following give more vivid and life-like impressions of the modes of life of the ancients, than volumes of mere antiquarian disquisition.

EXCAVATIONS IN POMPEII.—The political state of Italy has lately engrossed so much attention that little time has been found for its antiquities. Since the discovery of the 47 gold coins, and more than 250 silver coins, together with gemmed earrings, necklaces and collars, pearls, jewels, and costly rings, a dwelling-house has been excavated near della Fortuna, which surpasses in richness and elegance all that has been hitherto discovered. The open vestibule is paved with mosaics, the walls decorated with tasteful paintings. The atrium opens into the tablinum and the reception room, and the latter leads into the dining-room, which is painted with mythological subjects, the size of life. Here were several triclinic couches, not unlike our modern sofas, richly ornamented with silver. The reception-room looks into a garden with a beautiful fountain adorned with numerous mosaics and a small statue of Silenus; the basin is surrounded with the most exquisite sculptures in marble. Adjoining the dwelling is another atrium, where the servants lived. There was a four-wheeled carriage, with iron wheels and many bronze ornaments. In the kitchen, also, are many ornaments and utensils of bronze, and the traces of smoke are visible in many places, after the lapse of 18 centuries. The apartments of the dwelling-house contained numerous elegant utensils of gold and silver, vases, candelabra, bronze cases, several cases of surgical instruments, &c. What is extremely rare is, that there is a second and even a third story, which are ascended by a wide flight of stairs. On a small painting near the stair-case is the name and rank of the owner, in scarcely legible characters; and from which it appears that he was one of the Decurii or Senators of Pompeii. All the walls and the rooms are ornamented with corusc and painted paintings, one of which represents a young girl, with a mask and a fagoleet. Hence the house has received the name of "casa della Sonatrice," or "cassé dell' Ercole ubriaco." This is the most recent excavation in Pompeii.—*Literary Gazette.*

VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.—The authorship of this too celebrated work is no longer a secret. Public opinion now universally, and we believe correctly, ascribes it to the younger of two literary brothers in Edinburgh, the conjoint proprietors and editors of a well known popular weekly journal.—*Dumfriess Standard.*

THE SETTLER AT HOME.—"Conscious that he is respected only for his character as an upright man, and that, as every one knows he is not wealthy, it would be ridiculous to affect the appearance of wealth, he wears the coarsest garments with more pleasure than the finest coat, and draws all his happiness from domestic sources. His sons and daughters, equally indifferent to show—the latter, at least, are always neatly dressed—are busied with their different duties, all tending to promote the general comfort."

"Happy family!—how pleasantly the evenings pass in your society! Gladly would I ride many miles to spend such pleasant hours, and witness happiness so unpretending and real. How cheerful looks that large room, with its glorious fire of jarra-wood and black boys (for it is the winter season,) and how lightly those young girls move about, arranging the tea-table, and preparing for the evening meal! The kind-hearted mother, relieved of all duties but that of superintendence, sits by the fire chatting cheerfully with the guest, whose eyes, nevertheless, wander round the room after a certain light and dancing shape; the host, a man of old, but stalwart in appearance, full of hospitality and noble courtesy, appears in his easy slippers and an old well-worn coat, which formerly had been seen service in London ball-rooms. He discourses not only of the crops and colonial politics, but of literature, and the last news from England; for, like many other colonists, he receives the English papers, and patronizes the *Quarterly Review*. On the sofa lie the latest numbers of *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*—some four months old, of course—for the ladies like fun and pictures, whilst their father laboriously wades through a three months' accumulation of the *Times*.

"With what alacrity the old gentleman rises up, and welcomes a traveler, who has unexpectedly arrived, and has just stabled his horse, and seen him fed before he made his appearance in the parlour! There is no beating about the bush for a bed or an invitation to supper. Of the latter he is certain, and indifferent about the former; for, having slept the last night under a tree, he feels sure of making himself comfortable on the sofa, or on the hearth-rug before the fire. And then the girls, who have no affection or nonsense about them, crowd round the new-arrived, and ply him with questions about their young friends in other parts of the colony, and whether he was at the last ball at Government-house, and what was most worn on that occasion—until the good man, laughing, breaks through the circle, declaring he will answer no more questions till he has had his supper, and it may be, a glass of whiskey-toddy screaming long."

"During the evening the girls sing, and happily they sing well; and they take most pleasure in those songs which papa likes best to hear. And the poor bachelor-guest, who looks on, feels his heart melting within him, and reviles himself for the desolation in which he lives at home. Suddenly, perhaps, horses at a gallop are heard to enter the yard; and soon afterwards two young fellows, fresh from the capital, come dashing into the room, full of spirits, and vowing they have galloped over on purpose to ascertain whether the ladies were still living. Here is authority of undoubted value for everything relating to the ball at Government-house, and the merits and appearance of every person who attended it are soon brought under discussion. This naturally induces the young people with a desire to dance, so the tables are pushed aside, and papa being squeezed nearly into the fire, mamma takes her place at the piano, and bursts off with the *Annen Polka*.

"It may seem strange to you, dear reader, who have an idea that colonists are merely wild beasts, that such things should be. But so it is; and though people may dance the *Cellarius* with more gravity in the saloons of St. James's, I question whether dancing be half the fun there that our light-hearted colonists seem to think it. There are no strangers in small colonies; it is always a family party dancing together; and, consequently, people are as merry as if it were Christmas-time all the year round."—*Landor's Bushman; or life in a new Country.*

CAPUCHIN CEMETERY.—"The Capuchins of the monastery on the south slope of the Pincian are interred under their own church. After they have lain a sufficient time for the worm or the damp to divest the bones of the enveloping muscles, the brotherhood descend into the narrow house, and raise the skeleton from its long repose. They then place it in an upright position in the chapel exactly under the church, and dress it in the coarse robes the Capuchins were during life. There may be seen a spectacle sufficiently harrowing. A group so gaunt and grim, probably, has never existed, except in the pages of poetry or romance. But 'truth is stranger than fiction.' There they stand, as silent as the grave they have left—dark and mute as midnight. It is a scene that freezes, casting over the heart some of the gloom that surrounds the place, and reflecting there much of its desolation. The bare skulls and the hollow eyes meet you at every step, and it is impossible to divest oneself of the idea that they are unearthly, looking upon you, and searching into your soul. While we wander in this wide grave imagination gives them life, and in the flickering light of the torch a limb seems now to be in motion and hand now to be upraised, those bare teeth seem to chatter, and that dark form to move suddenly towards you. There they stand in files, as if you had visited Pluto's realms and beheld unveiled the dread proceedings below. A minute before all was life in the streets above—here is the stillness and reality of death. There the Italian sunbathes towers and temples in its living light; but here darkness was removed only to discover decay. I pity the poor Capuchin who looks forward to this as his resting-place; denied the slumber of the tomb—that sleep that knows no waking—pillowed with no sister or sire, nor with the freshness of morn over his cold bed, the sunbeams warming it into verdure, or the starlight falling upon it, like messengers from Heaven. His sleep is broken, the sanctuary of his repose defiled, that he may stand as a gaze-stock to the stupid populace—a mark for the sneer of the thoughtless or the jest of the profane. Such a scene certainly can be of no use to the living, and it is obviously deficient in respect for the dead. The earth, our common mother, claims those perishing elements, and it would seem to be sacrilege to take them from her bosom."—*Vicary's Notes of a Residence in Rome.*

Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.—*Goldsmith.*

Think not of others' faults; but of their virtues and those own defects.

The Wedding Day.

"I am married! I am married! Weep, ye flitting maids of Cam; The dead is done, the point is carried—What a lucky dog I am! What a pleasant dream my life is! (Best of dreams, because 'tis true!) What a charming thing a wife is! (I almost wish that I had two.)"

Noble brow of thought and feeling— Lips whence music breathes her spell— Cheeks whose blushes are revealing What that pleasant dream is called— Eyes, in whose blue depths divine, oh! Purest spirits lodge to lodge— All these beauties now are mine, oh Marriage! is a splendid dream!

I'm so glad I fixed on Nancy! Laura speaks so loud and quick; Caroline quite took my fancy; But her ankles are too thick; Helen should be an heir's breadth shorter, Jessie is a size too small, Rose I'm sure drew my milk pouter, Fanny is too thin and tall.

They all loved me—how intensely! Maiden ladies only know— Oh, I pity them immensely, They have much to undergo! Sweet devotion, each attention, Whispers, blushes, smiles, and tears, But 'tis hardly fair to mention All they do, poor little dears!

Nancy's hit the proper humor, (What the French call *jeu de maitres*), Who could feel a moment's tedium, Sportive Nancy, when you say?— Gentle, tender, soft, complying, Yet not wanting relying, On my every glance relying, Looking up with sweet respect.

How I wooed her, how I pressed her, By one little word to bind; On my bended knees addressed her, Till the darling whispered 'yes'; Half a dozen men of fashion All rejected for my sake, To reward her soft compassion What a husband I will make!

When she plays I'll turn the leaves, and When she works I'll hold the skein, Soothe her kindly if she grieves, and If she laughs I'll laugh again; Read aloud in rainy weather, Give her up the easy chair, Never smoke when we're together, Nor at other women's stare.

Every moment play my lover, Let her have a female friend, Never sleep when she is asleep, Make her presents without end, Pay her bills when she requires it, Fill her purse with joyful haste, Cut my hair if she desires it, (But I shall not lose my taste!)

Happy then, thrice happy we love, Thus to share so bright a fate; Married life to us shall be, love, One delightful *tete-a-tete*, Turn we from the world's care, From its sorrows, pains, and pride, To enjoy life's dearest blessing, At our own beloved fireside!

T. B. Macaulay.

The English give regular portraits of their distinguished men. We seldom read one of them that we do not fancy the subject described, as sitting to the artist who sketches him, for a full length, of the fidelity of which we have no misgivings. Antithesis, contrast, striking anecdote, a stirring and breezy sort of style, often mark these delineations of the character of living men. Here is a sample from *Tait*. It is said to be "true," it is certainly, in its way, quite "forcible."

"Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddeth, the light which never was on sea or shore, the consecration and the poet's dream."

"To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind without leading the minds of others one point farther than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble figure, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. 'Macaulay the Lucky' he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise."

"With a rare combination of the arts of life and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal aim, if not only end. 'He is gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power (and which the greatest alone can entirely fill, possess, and shake the drape). The lamps are lit in a gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is everything to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maitre's son, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the gifted are the great, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action."

"He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage communion with the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with

Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and tenderness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each dusty page and time-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely, and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming with Bunyan in Elstow—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind—whether in Coleridge.

"With soul as strong as a mountain river, Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver, or in Voltaire, shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired."

A COQUETTE.—"In her conversation she assumes an air of absence; and although every expression is studied, she wishes that her words should appear to be the result of momentary inspirations, and that thinking might seem too troublesome an occupation. Whether she moves her head or her hand—her foot or her fan—she telegraphs, 'Look at me.' As she flies from one admirer to another, she also flutters from one book to some other publication in vogue. Thus she collects a smattering store of ideas, which she knows how to retail in the small change of social intercourse. Without mind, she passes for a clever woman, her chief accomplishment being the art of clothing the ideas of others in the fanciful garb of her own whimsical conceptions. *Marie* is in every action—habitually so, even in her sleep—she is in turn most careful in ornamenting her person, or negligent in her attire, according to the character of the individual she seeks to captivate, or the circle in which she is anxious to shine. One of her great attainments in the art of pleasing and of surprising is that of knowing, by her searching looks, what a man was going to say before he speaks, thus preparing a reply before his speech was ended. To patronize his delight, therefore is she ever ready to serve you; patronization confers obligation, and obligation is, to a certain degree, an admission of superiority; and nothing can render this sense of obligation more irksome than the apparent desire, on her part, to make it appear that she was obliged to you for the opportunity of conferring the favor. The society of such a woman must be attractive, for she regulates its convenience with great art; to equalize the company she moves in, is her study, and she prides herself in levelling the ranks around her. A coquette of this description will abound in the sense of the witty and wise, for even wisdom is not exempt from her toils. On such occasions she pretends to display conviction. She will also agree with a coxcomb; but then her eyes, and her lips, and her nose, and her dimpled cheek, proclaim to the group around her, the ridicule of the flattered fool. This coquette is rarely jealous, for she is afraid of jealousy from the jealous; for this scrutinizing passion, in seeking for faults which it wishes to detect, discovers good qualities which it does not wish to find. Respectful love she despises; love, to please her, must show deference. Her study is to produce effect. She will not cease in pretending to love you, until she loves another; infidelity would lose all its charms, were it not rendered more poignant when seasoned by perfidiousness."—*Millingen's Mind and Matter.*

EDUCATION.—"Intellectually speaking, man is not gregarious, but every mind has a track of its own as well as a body of its own. To force incongruous numbers to the same ignominious tasks, is a violence to nature which extends disorder alike to the moral, the intellectual, and the corporeal being. Mental fellowship and co-operation are indeed essential to enlarged success; but to drive boys, like a herd, to the same pasture, is neither to strengthen the bonds of society nor to develop individual character. Those who have felt the value of mental culture, and have taken their course untrammelled by task-work, have generally shown their intellectual vigor by a greater capacity of endurance, as well as by freedom, boldness, and healthiness of thought. We may as well look for easy walking in a Chinese lady, whose feet have grown in iron shoes, and whose very small ones, as for easy thinking in a mind that has been cast in a mould constructed to suit the miniaturist of the million. The reflective and perceptive faculties are too generally sacrificed at school for the sake of mere verbal memory; and hence those who were really most highly endowed, appeared, while there, the most deficient scholars; such as Liebig, Newton, and Walter Scott. In conclusion of this chapter we may observe, that the modern system of education appears to be altogether unchristian; undoubtedly it contributes much to swell the fearful list of diseases, for it is founded on an unhealthy emulation, which ruins many both in body and in soul, while it qualifies none the better, either for business, knowledge, usefulness, or enjoyment; but rather, together with the influence of the money value of intellect, causes the most heroic spirits of our age to hang upon vulgar opinion, and the state of the market. No less so, indeed, when the lessons are introduced by prayer and ended by fogging, than when the riotous spirit of youth is left to itself to gather motives and morals from the poetic diatribes, bewildering ethics and impure histories of an emasculated heathenism. Instruction should be valued only as it helps the mind forward to an acquaintance with natural and revealed facts; and as the proper inducement to study and research is enjoyment, this should be made to depend on the example and pleasure of those who rightly direct us. Heaven claims our hearts for no other reason and on no other principle."—*Moon's Power of the Soul and Body.*

COLOR OF THE SKIN.—Some undefined circumstances in the constitution of the celestial bodies produces the effect of their exhibiting not only a different degree, but by a different kind of lustre. Their light is by no means uniform. The ray of Sirius differs not merely in intensity, but in kind from that of Vega; that is perceptible in this country, but in those favored regions where the atmosphere is more pure—where less of humidity and haze exist—the difference is striking, even to the naked eye, "one star differing from another in glory." One star shines as an emerald, while another glows as a ruby, adorning the winter's sky with a rich variety of sparkling gems, differing not more in size than they do in hue or brilliancy!

Last Night and Execution of the Girondins.

"They were all confined for this last night in the great dungeon—that Hall of Death. The tribunal had ordered that the still warm corpse of Valaze should be taken back to the prison, carried on the same cart with his accomplices to the place of execution, and buried with them. * * * The gendarmes placed the body in a corner of the prison. The Girondins, one after the other, kissed the heroic hand of their friend. They covered his face with his mantle. "To-morrow!" said they to the corpse, and they gathered their strength for the coming day. It was near midnight. The deputy Baillet, proscribed like them, and concealed in Paris, had promised to send to them from without on the day of their judgment a last repast—of triumph or of death, according as they might be acquitted or condemned. By the help of a friend, he kept his word. The funeral supper was spread in the great dungeon. Costly viands, rare wines, flowers and lights crowded the oak table of the prison. * * * The meal lasted till the dawn of day. Vergniaud, seated near the centre of the table, presided with the same calm dignity which he had preserved during the night of the 10th of August while presiding over the Convention."

The guests ate and drank with sobriety—merely to recruit their strength. Their discourse was grave and solemn—though not sad. Many of them spoke of the immortality of the soul, and expressed their belief in a future life. Towards morning, several retired to their cells—about thirteen remained in the great dungeon. The Abbé Lambert, the friend of Brissot—who had been waiting at the door of their dungeon all night—was then allowed to enter and offer his ministry.

"At ten (says M. de Lamarque) the executioners entered to prepare the heads of the condemned for the knife and bind their hands. * * * Gensonne picking up a lock of his dark hair, handed it to the Abbé Lambert, begging the priest to give it to his wife—whose place of refuge he named to him. "Tell her that this is all I can send her; but that every one of my dying thoughts is directed towards her." Vergniaud drew forth his watch, and wrote with the point of a pin a few initials and the date of the 30th October in the golden case. He then slipped it into the hand of one of the spectators in order that it might be given to a young girl for whom he entertained a brotherly love—and whom it was said he intended to have married."

* * * Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, they embraced each other as a sign of communion in freedom, in life and in death. They then resumed their funeral strain in order to encourage themselves mutually, and send to the last moment the voice of his friends to the one undergoing execution. All died bravely—Silly with irony. Placed on the platform, he walked round it, bowing to the people as though to thank them for glory and the scaffold. Each time the axe came down, a voice less heard. The rows of the condemned gradually thinned at the foot of the guillotine. One voice alone continued the Marseillaise to the last—it was that of Vergniaud. Those deathless strains were his last words."—*Lamarque's History of the Girondins.*

OLD LETTERS.—I have always thought, that if it were possible to keep the letters of our youth until the same ripened years of age came upon us—the most beautiful, as well as the most saddening recollections that could then be awakened, would be called up by their perusal. How much too, would the general hue of those recollections be tinged by the tenor of our after-life! Through what a roseate medium would the favorite of fortune, on whose head her gifts have descended in an uninterrupted shower—how pleasantly would he look back, upon the, to him, golden past, and think of all those with whom he sported, and with whom life, perhaps, had passed far less joyously. And what a bitter retrospect to one whose years have passed on only to heap sorrow upon sorrow, is it to look over these mute yet eloquent records of withered hopes, blighted anticipations, and pledges forever broken. Yet is there a pleasure, the more keenly felt perhaps, from its nearness to grief, arising from this phantasmagoria of the imagination, conjured up by a packet of old letters. Even now, as I occasionally look over a few, not very old, to be sure, I feel a singular thrill of disappointment, when I see how very little human anticipations have of reality to build upon. I believe, that, of the many projects to which my fertile fancy has given birth, not for myself alone, but others, not one has been realized. And the weary picture of hope deferred, languishing, dying—sickness my very heart, now, while all is still fresh in my mind; and every circumstance bears the distinct newness of yesterday. It may be that in the lapse of time, this feeling will wear off, and I shall only think of these things as I do of boyish disappointments in the days of my school—*From a Letter of a young Correspondent.*

A MONKEY'S FUN.—A monkey tied to a stake was robbed by the Hinkley Crows (in the West Indies) of his food, and he conceived the following plan of punishing the thieves. He feigned death, and lay perfectly motionless on the ground, near to his stake. The birds approached by degrees, and got near enough to steal his food, which he allowed them to do. This he repeated several times, till they became so bold as to come within the reach of his claws. He calculated his distance, and laid hold of one of them. Death was not his plan of punishment. He was more refined in his cruelty. He plucked every feather out of the bird, and then let him go and show himself to his companions. He made a man of him, according to the ancient definition of a "biped without feathers."—*Illustrations of Instinct.*

COLD BEDROOMS.—A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will speedily render him even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment, and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all—the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospheric vicissitudes, than that of the latter."—*Journal of Health.*

THE PASSIONS, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom. Fuller.

Never insist too much, especially in things of trifling value.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestability, men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and self-mortification, submit to fulfil those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are exacted at the altar—such men want not dolls for their companions; and women who would wish such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringletina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet-strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing, but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherdess—dance like a dervise at Almack's—ride like a fox-hunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country-house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of bodice."—*Mrs. Thompson.*

AGRICULTURE.—Husbandry and warfare will, some season, have their positions interchanged; just as the executioner's is an appropriate office now, instead of being a covetable post, as in some former times. In the eye of an angel, and in the world, as it ought to be, the scars of labor would be accounted as infinitely more honorable than those of battle, and a harvest of corn as a nobler achievement than knighthood—culture of the earth, when worthily interpreted, embodying no doubt a sublimer idea than does the destruction of men, however valiantly done."—*Martyria.*